

		
\$.75	SHIP NEWS.	
\$.50		
a 61	PORT OF BOSTON.	
\$.40	ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.	
\$.10		
MONDAY, Nov. 12.—Arrived, ship Sarah and Cambridge, Liverpool; schs Geesey, Webber, Hartford Prince, Liverpool; schs Warrior, Lovell, do., Genlie, Kild Hyson, Jennings, do.; Chatham, Small, Baltimore; Lincoln, Rappahannock; Seventh Son, Nickerson; Fredburg; Camden, Hiscok, New York. — Cleared, brig Henry, Wales, Halifax; schs Aurora, Holm, Wilmington; sloop Maine, Stonewood, Portland. — Arrived, ship Pagoda, Barsley, Calcutta; brigades da, Williams, Havana; Vesta, Hutchins, Baltimore; Berry, do.; schs Reeper, Hinckley, Richmond; Mecomer, Philadelphia; Titton, Tilton, Fredericksburgh Fayette, Snwo, do.; Union Fackett, Graves, Salem Washington, Brown, Troy and Albany. Leader, Gifford Bedford. — Cleared, brigs Carroll, Walker, St Thomas market Rhine, Robbins, Havre; schs Echo, Johnsonford; Mirror, Bassett, New York; Oaklands, Talbotson; Uper, Debenute, Biliah, Hallowell; sloop Boston Fancy nison, Portsmouth. 14—Arrived, ships Mechanic, Nickerson, Alkay Henry Parker, Hartford. 15—Arrived, schs Boundary, Shackford, Eastport Cleared, brigas Mease, Sylvester, Philadelphia; Pocket, Baltimore; schs Alfred, Barrat, Barraeco; sloop Higwell, New York. 16—Arrived, schs Boston, Hogan, Bath; sloop Jones Blanchard, Portland. — Cleared, brig John William, Creston man; Mary and Elizabeth, Shiverick, Norfolk and monnd; schs New York, Robinson, Thompson; Sally renee, Charleston; Hill, Ellweli, Brunswick. 17—Arrived, schs Telegraph, Cunningham, Belfast Power, Philadelphia; Rover, Corcoran, Labrador blier, Tuckerman, Portsmouth; Hawk, Tyler, Essex by Hodgdon, Boothbay. — Cleared, new ship Bashaw leuder, Charleston; brigs George, Westcott, Havana steamer, Hathaway, do.; Atlantic, Victor, Salsburne; Fr Creighton, Mobile; schs Arroganza, Daue, Honduras dependance, Halet, Gibraltar at a market; Casco, rly, Portland; Peggy and Polly, Hopkins, Thomasto Howes, New York; Gentle Ryder, do.; Regulator, Ciel Philadelphia; sloops Jasper, Scudler, New London Patterson, Portland; Sally Curtis, Currier, Portsmouth sey, Plymouth. 18—Arrived, schs Wave, Polleys, Portland; Mar henry, Hallowell.		

POETS' DEPARTMENT.

THE FUNERAL.

It was a solemn scene. The sun's last rays
Were just withdrawn from the high mountain's top,
And save the lowing of the distant herd,
And the low murmur of the neighboring rill,
A deep and mournful calm around us reigned.

I'd often seen "with slow and measured tread,"
The mourning train, in dark array, move on
In silent, solemn majesty towards
The grave—but never did I feel as now;
For death's cold hand had suddenly been laid
On one, whose hopes for earthly bliss were bright.

He was an only and beloved son,
The staff of parents aged and infirm,
The stay and comfort of declining years—
And there he lay cold—shrouded for the tomb.
The tearful eye—the pensive countenance
Of every mourner eloquently told
The feelings of the heart oppress'd with grief.

He was a child of many prayers and tears,
And had been nurtured in the fear of God,
And, by receiving grace, they knew he was
Prepared to die—and dwell with saints above;
But still they mourn'd that he was call'd away
By death so soon to find a lowly tomb.
A fervent prayer was sent up to heaven,
And then the coffin placed upon the bier;
The aged parents weeping came—lending
As on their walk'd, upon each other's arms.
In solemn stillness, save the heaving sigh
That now and then escaped some lab'ring breast,
They bore him to his grave. They soon arriv'd
And stood uncover'd while the coffin pass'd—
They each in turn pass'd by and gave the last,
The parting look. At length, the mother came,
With feeble step, to view once more her dear
And only son—and press his pallid cheeks;
But O! the agonizing scene. She had
Thought of the parting hour and nerved herself
For conflict—but alas! 'twas all in vain—
She gaz'd in all the silence of despair,
And would have said farewell, but utterance fail'd;
She wept—the faintest—and was borne away.
The father came to bid his child adieu—
He view'd his pale and alter'd form,
And then, in deep distress groan'd out—My son!
My son! would to God I had died for thee! D. A. T.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is the land where troubles cease,
Where toils and tears are o'er;
The sunny clime of rest and peace,
Where cares distract no more,
And not the shadow of distress
Dims its unsullied blessedness.

Heaven is the home where spirits dwell
Who wander here awhile,
And "seeing things invisible,"
Departed with a smile
To hail, amid sepulchral night,
The morning of eternal light.

Heaven is the everlasting throne,
Where angels wait their sight;
Whence He—the high and holy One
Throughout those realms of light
Diffuses by one thrilling glance
The glory of his countenance.

Heaven is the place where Jesus lives
To plead his dying blood,
While to his prayers the Father gives
An unknown multitude,
Whose harps and tongues through endless days
Shall crown his head with songs of praise.

Heaven is the temple whither prayer,
From saints on earth ascends;
The dwelling of the Spirit, whence
His influence descends
Like heavenly dew, to cheer and bless
His children in the wilderness.

Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransom'd souls above
Drink in, beside the eternal throne,
Bliss everlasting and unknown.

MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.
THE PREACHER'S GRAVE.

It was a lonely place, on the side of a mountain,
where the birds of the air might undisturbed sing their
great Creator's praise, or in plaintive notes mourn
the early death of him whose remains slept beneath
the verdant sod. Here stood a plain grave stone,
pointing out the place where the Rev. Gad Smith was
buried. On the west, rose a lofty and extensive em-
inence, where the venerable Asbury once proclaimed
the gospel of Christ in the tented grove. On the east,
at the foot of the mountain, rolled the Housatonic,
bending its course towards the sea; and still
farther east, were seen the hills of Cornwall, rising in
wild magnificence towards the skies. At a little dis-
tance from the grave, stood the house "where the
good man met his fate." It was the dwelling of his
father-in-law; and here, with his parents, and her two
fatherless children, dwelt the widow of the deceased.

I had often heard of this pious minister, when I first
set out to call sinners to repentance. I had heard of
his diffidence when he began to exhort; of his subse-
quent improvement; of his usefulness in visiting from
house to house; and of the souls which God gave him
as seals of his ministry. I had heard of his fervent la-
bors, at a certain camp meeting at Burlington, where
sinners fell like Dagon before the ark; and of his ex-
hortation at another camp meeting, when his voice
was so enfeebled by disease, that he could only whis-
per, and a brother minister stood by his side, and re-
peated his words in an audible voice to the people.

I now stood on the solemn ground where his body
had mouldered to dust, and the mind naturally looked
forward to that day when the voice of the Eternal
shall wake the sleeping dust of his servants, whether
they slumber in magnificent tombs or solitary graves.
How solemn and pleasing the thought, that in that
day, this holy man who had gone forth weeping, bear-
ing precious seed, would then return again, bringing
his sheaves with him.

Feeling Hills, Sept. 24, 1827.

Bishop Latimer.—Very excellent and worthy of
observation was the answer of this venerable prelate
and martyr, who had at a controversial conference
been out-talked by younger divines, and out-argued
by those who were more studied in the fathers—"I
cannot talk for my religion, but I am ready to die for
it."

From the Albany Christian Register.

Mr. Editor.—The subjoined remarks are from the
pen of a southern divine, engaged in an interesting
revival of religion. Surely, if all of us would feel as
did the writer of these remarks, Zion would no longer
remain at peace, and we should soon hear the cry in
every direction among sinners, "What must I do to
be saved?"

"By my visits and labors, my feelings were very
much awakened in reference to the spiritual condi-
tion of my own people. My own responsibility,
the worth of immortal souls, the danger of impenitent
sinners, the shortness of time, all bore with weight
upon my mind, till my spirit had no rest. "Son of
man, I have made thee a watchman," &c. sounded in
my ears by night and by day. I will not attempt to
describe the feelings which I then experienced, but
will simply say, that though it has been my happy
lot to labor in several revivals of religion, yet my
mind was never before so solemnly impressed in view
of my own ministerial responsibility, and the infinitely
perilous condition of the unconverted. Being made
to feel this deeply—seeing, as I thought I did clearly,
that there was but a very thin partition between the
sinner and endless despair, it may be readily supposed
that I warned, exhorted, and entreated my people
both in public and private, in the most plain and ear-
nest manner, to arouse from their long continued and
threatening slumbers. It was soon evident that He
who had made the writer feel so much for the people,
began to make some of the people feel for themselves.
There were some signs of life; a little stir, a tremu-
lous motion among the "dry bones." "For this," I
thanked God, and took courage. Meetings were
appointed at private houses, which soon became
crowded and overwhelmingly solemn. Our assemblies
upon the Sabbath became much larger, and visibly,
a deep toned solemnity reigned through the
house. Numbers were brought to believe and realize
for the first time in life, that they were lost sinners,
exposed to the wrath of an offended God. Their
former delusive dreams of heaven vanished "like the
morning cloud and the early dew," as they awoke from
their long deep sleep of stupidity and unbelief. Their
convictions were remarkably pungent; but in general,
their distress did not continue as long, as in several
other revivals which I have witnessed."

The incomparable Cowper, under the name of Leucomeus,
thus characterizes Mr. Whitefield:
He lov'd the world that hated him: the tear
That dropp'd upon his bible was sincere:
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was, a blameless life:
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadfast unbr'd,
Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.
He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same:
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease:
Like him, he labor'd, and like him content
To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.
Blush calumny! and upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy can spare the room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which aim'd at him, have pierc'd his off'ended skies,
And say, blot out my sin, confess'd, deplo'd,
Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord.

Cowper's Poems, vol. i. p. 125.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

"I do believe that I have the very worst children
that ever lived," exclaimed Mrs. Johnson, as she seiz-
ed two of her little ones violently by their throats, and
shut them down cellar, where she said the "boogey"
was. Mr. Barton was not a stranger in the family,
though the parental dignity of his demeanor always
inspired her with an ambition to have her family ap-
pear well when he was present. "I must take the
liberty to remonstrate with you, Mrs. Johnson," said
Mr. Barton. "in regard to your manner of producing
obedience among your children. Do you really be-
lieve that yours are the worst children that ever lived?
and do you think of rendering them better by violence
and terror?" The half-distracted screams of the chil-
dren were heard from below, and Mrs. Johnson sunk
into her chair in tears. "Why no," she replied, "my
children generally behave pretty well, but when any
person is here they seem to act like Sancho Panza."
"You mistake, Mrs. Johnson, your children conduct
no worse when a visitor is present than at other times;
but wishing them to have them behave more decently
than usual, and being disappointed in your wishes, you
more readily notice their extravagancies, and be-
come enraged at that of which your own management
is in fact the cause. Teach your children to behave
well when no stranger is present, and you will have no
occasion for mortification when they are in company.
Your fault is here: You do not carry a steady hand
in your discipline over them. At one time you in-
dulge them in all their desires—many of which must
be expected to be improper ones—and at another, you
fly into a rage and beat them when seeking the most
innocent gratifications. Under such circumstances,
a child must indeed be a paragon, not to behave disor-
derly. If you would have good children, let me tell
you never to let your passions run away with your bet-
ter judgment. Be uniform, temperate, mild, and yet
determined yourself, and your little ones will soon ful-
fill your wishes. Give no command which you do not
mean to faithfully fulfill. Make no promise which you
do not mean to fulfill. Threaten no punishment which
you are not determined to inflict in case of disobedi-
ence; and let your elasticities be always propor-
tioned to the magnitude of the offence. In your whole
government let the spirit of parental affection be dis-
covered by your offspring. Convince them not by
words only, but by your actions also, that you require
nothing of them which is not calculated to promote
their advantage, and that you punish them only in
love, with a view to make them better and happier.
In this way you will rear a family of likely children."
"And let me tell you to beware how you think to
reform your offspring by frightening them into obedi-
ence—by making them dread the dark, and filling
their heads with superstitious notions about 'boogies,'
&c. Deal in realities. Let imagination furnish you
with no means of producing obedience. Speak the
truth invariably to your children, and they will speak
the truth to you."

"In short—carry a steady hand; never correct
your children in anger; let love govern all your deal-
ings with them, and by the influence of your own ex-
amples, which are more powerful than all precepts,
teach them patience, temperance, wisdom, and virtue."
Mrs. Johnson heard the frank remark of her friend
in respectful deference—called her children to her
wined away their tears—spoke the words of maternal
tenderness—combed their aching locks—gave them
permission to go and amuse themselves in some inno-
cent recreations, and resolved, most firmly, to set her-
self about the work of governing herself, that she
might the better be prepared to govern her ill-man-
aged but yet lovely children.—Ch. Intel.

COMPASSION.—BY R. S. COFFIN.

Oh! I mark'd her blue eye; it was humid and bright,
And her sighs were more gentle than evening's last breath,
But the look that she gave was as clear to the sight,
As the smile on the cheek of Religion in death.

To her quick heaving bosom an orphan she prest,
While the soft stream of sympathy stole from her eye,
And her accents were soothing as those of the blest,
Speaking peace to the soul from the azure-arch'd sky.

On the cheek of the wanderer, though cold as the snow,
Her life-breathing lips she with gentleness laid;
Again 'twas illumined with health's ruddy glow,
Again o'er his features serenity play'd.

Compassion, I hail thee, thou first born of Heaven!
For thou lov'st in the breast of the minstrel to dwell;
And when'er from thy home by rude hands thou art driven
May his heart be thy pillow, his bosom thy cell.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe.—Her charity was regulated
by the directions of Scripture, which she wrote down
for her guidance in four particulars, thus:

1. I must give readily, Job xxxi. 16; Prov. iii. 23; 1 Tim. vi. 18.
 2. I must give secretly, Mat. vi. 3.
 3. I must give liberally, 2 Cor. viii. 12, ix. 6.
 4. I must give cheerfully, 2 Cor. viii. 12.
- She distributed her alms according to her own ability
and the necessities of others. She preferred giving
a little to many, to giving much to a few, and so order'd
her charity as not to exhaust her whole stock on
one, or a few occasions, but to have always something
to communicate. Few, indeed, did so much good with
so little appearance of it. As to the objects of her
charity, she did good to all, but especially to the house-
hold of faith.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Dean Swift and the Farmer's Wife.—The celebra-
ted Dean Swift had been so highly pleased with the
conversation and deportment of a farmer's wife, near
Dublin, that he invited himself to dine at her house,
and sent her notice of the time. The trial was rather
too hard for her prudence. Elated with the idea of
entertaining a guest whose company was courted by the
first nobility of the realm, she dressed herself as fine
as her fingers could make her, and in this rich attire
received the dean with stately ceremony. He in his
turn made her profound obeisance, and then instantly
inquired for the farmer's wife. "I am she!" don't you
know me?" "You! no madam, I won't be tricked;
the farmer's wife that I am come to see is a plain woman,
but you look like a duchess."

Her excellent sense made her understand the hint,
and her excellent humor made her take it in good part.
She withdrew, changed her dress, and returned in a
plain robe—"Ah, 'tis she," joyfully exclaimed the
dean, "this is the very woman I am come to see, and I
expect to be very happy in her company."

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

ANECDOTE OF A SABBATH SCHOOL.

RELAYED BY A SUPERINTENDENT.
I was one Sabbath afternoon about to close the
school in which I was engaged when a well dressed,
gentle person, who presented himself as a visitor, re-
quested me to allow him, (if not deemed objec-
tionable,) to speak to the children. This being readily
granted, he addressed them nearly to the following
effect:—

"There was once a poor lad who was noted, even
among his sinful companions, for his wickedness, but
especially for his swearing and Sabbath breaking. He
along with some others, received one Sabbath to
be sent to a steady boys who were going to their school.
However, it so happened, that the lads, on being at-
tached, took to their heels; this lad followed them
to the very door of the school, which when opened,
(they were then singing) such a sound came from
the place as seemed to stun him. He wondered what
they could be doing inside; and a teacher at that mo-
ment admitted the other boys, and invited him in.
A new scene now opened itself upon him,—near
three hundred boys, seated with their teachers—
They all appeared so neat and clean, and in such or-
der, that he wished he was one of them. He stood
for some time, a spectacle for the whole school, dirty
and ragged, and his wooden clogs on, which when-
ever he stirred, made him the subject of laughter to
every person to his great shame and mortification. Af-
ter some consultation, he being a stout, good looking
lad, it was resolved to admit him into the A B C class.
Everything was new to him. The next Sabbath he
appeared; his hair combed, his face washed, but his
clogs still remained to mortify him; his particular
case was taken under consideration, and a pair of
shoes was given to him. He now found himself so
much behind the other boys that he resolved to strive
every nerve to get up to them. This determination
was the means of his rising to the very first class,
when his conduct being approved of, he was chosen a
Teacher. He now felt that he had something more
to do than to teach: he had a soul to be saved or lost;
in a little time he was enabled, after much prayer,
to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to rejoice
in his salvation. The Lord then called him to preach
these glad tidings, and happening some time after to
officially visit twenty miles of his old much beloved
school, he rode hard after the morning's labors, and
reached the place just in time to see the poor lads
in his own, very own school; and here he is now speak-
ing to you!"

"The scene now became truly affecting; he burst
into tears, as did several others around him: at last
he sobbed out,—O, my dear lads, be in right good
earnest to make the most of your very great Sabbath
School privileges; I have kept you too long; God
bless you all!" He then concluded with a most affect-
ing prayer.—S. S. Journal.

A LITTLE CHILD DIVINELY INSTRUCTED.

A Teacher, while addressing his children from the
following words:—"Prepare to meet thy God," ob-
served a little boy, about five years of age, weeping;
supposed the child's apparent grief to arise from some
trivial circumstance, he closed his address, and de-
manded of the child a reason why he wept: to his
great surprise, the little boy exclaimed, "O Teacher,
I am afraid that my sins are not pardoned—that my
soul is not sanctified—that I am not prepared to meet
my God." His Teacher endeavored to instruct, and
to console him; he listened to instruction with particu-
lar earnestness and delight; the warmth of his heart
seemed, as it were, to dry the tears from his cheeks,
while his Teacher assured him, that Jesus Christ had
a peculiar regard for little children that he loved to
hear them pray—and had made many promises to en-
courage them in the exercise of prayer; when sud-
denly he clasped his Teacher by the hand—burst into
a fresh flood of tears—and vehemently exclaimed:
"O Teacher, if I do say my prayers, and after that,
I tell a story, or do any thing that is bad, my
prayer is not good. God will not hear me." David was
of the same opinion. Psal. lxxvi. 18. "If I regard
iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

OBITUARY.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MRS. RISING.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of
His Saints."—Departed this life, in Warren, Vt. Oct.
27, 1827, Mrs. WELTUNA RISING, the wife of A-
mos Rising, Esq., aged 52 years and 6 months. She
was removed from Southwick, Massachusetts, into this
town, (then a wilderness,) 1799, and had their full
share of the privations and hardships of new settlers.
Soon after they settled their home became the home
of the Methodist missionaries, and has ever con-
tinued such.—Too long sister Rising lived destitute of
the happiness of religion; but in 1817, she experi-
enced the power of it to the joy of her heart, and soon after
joined the M. E. Church. She was blessed with two
lovely daughters, both of whom embraced religion in
their youth; the youngest died in a transport of glory
seven years ago; the other is hopefully on her way to
heaven. Sister Rising was a woman of diligence, and
persevering industry; and after they arose to afflu-
ence she was "not slothful in business." She was a
woman of prudence and till within four days of her
death, was actively engaged in the oversight of the
household affairs, and the care of a public inn.—"The
heart of her husband could safely trust in her, so that
he had no need of waste or spoil. She did him good,
and not evil all the days of her life." "She stretch-
ed out her hand to the poor; yea, she reached out her
hand to the needy," and the sick were often cheered
by her presence; many preachers have been fed and
clothed from her store-house and vestry—some of whom

have left their labors, have gone to their reward, and
doubtless have joyfully welcomed her happy spirit to
the world of glory;—others remain, to remember with
gratitude, the many favors received from sister Rising,
her husband and family.

By her death, a breach is made that all the world
cannot make up; her bereaved husband has experi-
enced an irreparable loss; her daughter, grandchildren,
and a numerous circle of relatives are left in solemn
mourning; the church is in tears, and the town is sen-
sible of a heavy stroke.—But blessed be God, we
mourn not without hope. Our sister has doubtless
joined the church above, to shout the praise of her re-
deeming Lord.—She was flung from a horse, Oct. 20th,
but thought herself not seriously injured. The Mon-
day following she attended to business as usual, but
Tuesday she employed medical assistance. On the
24th, it was evident she was failing fast, but she was
calm in mind; it was all well with her soul. That
night she got some rest. 25th, A raging inward fe-
ver, and was sensible of her approaching dissolution.
26th, A little delirious, and in the afternoon her speech
was failing, but when she could, she spoke much; in
the evening, by her request, the hymn was sung be-
ginning "There is an hour of peaceful rest, To weary
wanderers given." In the latter part of the night she
took a very affectionate farewell of her husband, and
conversed with others; she seemed to wonder, that so
many were gazing on her with tears, instead of spend-
ing their time in prayer. Some of the sisters prayed.
She was not at all alarmed at the approach of the king-
dom of terrors. Oh no, he had no sting, nor terrors for
her. She was "not under the law, but under the reign of
grace,"—at length, about 5 o'clock, on Saturday morn-
ing the wheels of life stood still. Calm and triumphant,
without a groan, struggle, gasp, or even a sigh, she
fell asleep in Jesus.

On the 29th, a sermon was delivered to a very nu-
merous and deeply affected congregation from the
37th Psalm, 37th verse. Oh, how full of glory was
that house, while the choir chanted that Anthem,
"Vital spark of heavenly flame; Quit, oh quit this
mortal frame!" At the grave was sung the hymn
commencing "And must this body die," &c.—A short
address closed the exercises. Oh, may this afflictive
stroke of a righteous providence be sanctified to the
surviving relatives, the church and town. And now,
reader, whoever thou art; remember that "without
holiness no man shall see the Lord." "Prepare to
meet thy God." Amen. N. B. A.
Mordoun, Nov. 1st, 1827.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MISS DORCAS FOWLER.

DORCAS FOWLER, who departed this life, October
10, 1827, aged 22 years, was the daughter of Mr. James
Fowler, of Ipswich, Mass. She was subject to early
impressions by the Spirit of God on her mind, yet she
put off the great work of repentance until the age of
sixteen. While living in Salem, she attended on the
ministry of the Rev. Jesse Fillmore, whose faithful la-
bors, by the blessing of God, enabled her to see her
lost and ruined case; and, by faith and repentance,
she sought and found the Lord, united herself to that
church, and when I came to this place, I found her
name as a member of the church, in good standing.
She was of a reserved turn of mind and not easily
moved. She never appeared to be so much animated
as some, nor yet so low in her devotional feelings as oth-
ers. She was steadfast in her profession; in health and
prosperity religion was her trust, her hope and support
in sickness and death. She was first taken ill with a
fever, from which in the use of means, with the
blessing of God, she was thought to be recovering;—
but very soon the alarming presages of the hectic fe-
ver beamed in her countenance. It proved to be ve-
ry rapid in its progress.

I visited her and found her mind composed, trusting
in God; and as her disorder advanced the world reced-
ed—eternity unfolded; her religious feelings were
more animated with the prospect of her dissolution.
She was enabled by the grace of God, to overcome all
the buffetings of Satan, and whilst the outward frame
decayed, the soul grew stronger, and was enabled to
triumph over death, for he had lost his sting; he ap-
peared as one who was about to open the prison doors
and let the prisoner go free. She desired to live that
she might live more faithful and more holy—do good,
and get more good on earth. I often found the place
a heavenly one, while conversing with her on the glo-
ry that she expected soon would be revealed in her.
I was called upon to visit her, as she was thought to be
drawing near the close of life. O, how solemn was
the scene! I found her a little revived so that she was
able to converse. I asked her how the prospect of
death and eternity appeared? She said it looked glo-
rious—all was peace. NATHAN PAINE.
Ipswich, Mass. Oct. 22, 1827.

THE GATHERER.

PALPABLE HITS.

TO THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

Sir,—I find it is common among a certain class of
men to have their removal from one place to another
noticed in the newspapers, and as I think the pub-
lic removals are of some consequence to the public,
you will please to insert them in your useful paper.

REMOVALS.

Doctor Love-ease, of the parish of Some-light, has
removed out of Sloth-lane into Diligence-street, No. 1.
Doctor Fear-cross, has removed from the town of
Faintboothing to the town of Self-denial.

Doctor Newman, after a residence of forty years in
Lovegood street, has removed to the town of Liberty,
Lovegood street.

Doctor Bigot, has removed from Dark alley, in the
parish of Littlegrace, to Morelight street, in the city
of Salem.

The following persons having removed, though they
belong not to the faculty, yet as they are of some note
and influence, it may be proper to notice them.

Mrs. All-suff, removed from the town of Love-
darkness, at the foot of Mount Sinai, to Bethesda
Springs. A part of the family of Mrs. Part-suff have
also followed her example.

Several members of Mr. Growingsman's family have
lately removed to New Jerusalem. We are informed
that most of them went off singing and shouting by
the way; but some were less animated, and regretted
not having observed the twelve articles of advice which
I formerly gave them, in so punctual a manner as they
might and ought to have done.

SINGULAR QUACKERY.

I wish to give you and the public some account of a
singular instance of quackery, which occurred not
long since in a place called New York. A maid ser-
vant in the family of King Immanuel, was suspected
by some gentlemen who professed the medical art,
to be afflicted with the Dropsy, and St. Anthony's fire.
They thought, as well they might, that her premises
been true, that these were dreadful maladies, and
it seems they thought them dreadfully contagious.—
They came, therefore, from places far and near, to
consult on the case of Matthea, which was the
name of the maid servant; and spent several days in
deep consultation. Some thought gagging was the
only remedy in such a case; but they could not agree
whether to have the patient gagged all the time, or
only a part of the time; whether to gag her whenever
she was in company, or only when gentlemen were
present. All seemed to think opinion was very neces-
sary, not only to restore the patient, but also to pre-
vent scintillation to the danger of others. The gag
was finally agreed to be used as a sine qua non, some-
times, and the opium somewhat regularly as a quie-
tens.

EMIGRATION.

Seventeen ships of the line in his Majesty's service,
have lately admitted on board passengers, somewhat
over twenty-one thousand in number, to sail to the

port of New Jerusalem; on the condition that they
will accept of the fare of the ships' crews, and in case
of meeting an enemy, they must all stand to their
quarters and fight; it was also agreed that they should
keep watch day and night.

If the above items of intelligence are thought by
you to deserve publicity, I may furnish you with some
more at a future day. DR. CALEB.
Canaan, Humble Row, No. 1, Nov. 6, 1827.

From the Boston Recorder and Telegraph.

ILL MANNERS.

It is ill manners, in part of a family, as soon as pray-
ers are commenced, to form a close circle around the
fire, shutting out all those who really pray. It is ab-
solutely unkind to do the same thing at a conference
meeting. This relates of course to cold weather. It is
ill manners, to go out of meeting just before the con-
gregation are dismissed, because you are impatient, or
because you think it more pleasant to walk through
empty aisles and clear streets. You are no better than
others, therefore be content to fare as the rest.

It is ill manners to take your children to meeting,
and there let them disturb all your neighbors, by con-
ducting just as badly as they do at home. It is ill
manners to carry on an intercourse at meeting, ac-
cross a stranger, who has been so unfortunate as to
take a seat between you and your friend.

It is ill manners, when you are addressed at a relig-
ious meeting, either by a sermon from the minister,
or in a less formal manner by him or any other person,
to look often at your watch as if you meant to say,
"you have been speaking a long time." It is also un-
becomingly to turn your head, to notice every move-
ment near you; and to make a grand turn round
whenever the door opens. If the speaker cares any-
thing for you, these practices will be painful to him.
Besides, they break your attention, and thus you gain
nothing. Keep your mind to the discourse. If it is
not the very best, you may learn something.

ASTI QUID.

DAILY RESOLUTIONS OF LAVATER OF ZURICH.

I will never, either in the morning or evening, pro-
ceed to any business, until I have first retired, at least
for a few moments, to a private place, and implored
God for his assistance and blessing.

I will neither do, nor undertake, any thing, which I
would abstain from doing if Jesus Christ were stand-
ing visibly before me; nor any thing of which I think
it is possible that I shall repent, in the uncertain hour
of my certain death.

I will, with the divine aid, accustom myself to do
every thing, without exception, in the name of Jesus
Christ, and as his disciple; to sigh to God continually
for the Holy Ghost; and to preserve myself in a con-
stant disposition for prayer.

Every day shall be distinguished by at least one par-
ticular wish of love.

Wherever I go, I will first pray to God that I may
commit no sin there, but be the cause of some good.

I will never lay down to sleep without prayer, nor,
when I am in health, sleep longer than, at most, eight
hours.

I will every evening examine my conduct through-
out the day by these rules, and faithfully note down in my
journal how often I offend against them.

O God! thou seest what I have here written. May
I be able to read these resolutions every morning with
sincerity, and every evening with joy, and the
clear approbation of my conscience.

TO THE AGED BELIEVER.

"My venerable and aged friend,—It would seem to
you that you are done with the world—at least with
the power of doing any good in it. Every thing that
you see and feel, seems to be the bearer of a message
to you from the Lord Jesus, saying: 'Surely I come
quickly;' while your soul gladly lays hold of the tid-
ings, and says: 'Amen! even so, come, Lord Jesus.'
You frequently feel that 'flesh and heart are fainting
and failing;' but you feel, at the same time, that
'God is the strength of your heart; and that he is, and
will be your portion for ever.' And now, aged disci-
ple, my eye follows you to the verge of time. I see
guardian angels ready to convey you to the purchas-
ed possession. The good Shepherd, who laid down
his life for the sheep, is there. He is there with his
rod and staff, to conduct you safe through the dark
valley; and I perceive that you fear no evil. Fear
evil!—nay, that is the note of triumph!—Hark, again!
O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy vic-
tory?—The sting of death is sin, and the strength of
sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us
the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Aged
disciple, depart in peace, and the Lord be with thy
spirit! And having employed the later residue of time
in teaching the strains of Zion to those you leave be-
hind you, may you find it a sweet and appropriate pre-
lude to the high hosannas and hallelujahs of your
heavenly home!"